

“Perfection itself is imperfection”, Vladimir Horowitz once stated. This statement might sound ironic, but it is my belief. Picture a scenario where everyone has their own flaws. Does a picture of inconsiderate, rude, hostile, hot-tempered, annoying or snobbish people come to your mind? Contrast this with a scenario where everyone is “perfect”. Everyone would be amiable, courteous, magnanimous and accommodating. The second scenario does seem ideal, but as good as it sounds, won’t humans be more like metallic programmed systems if everyone were to be perfect?

I used to be one of those people who constantly struggled to make everything perfect. When I first entered secondary school, I was still obsessed about perfection. Not only did all my belongings have to be in order, I also had to do well in everything I did. Everything had to be impeccable. There were times where I had to sleep late at night simply because I was fussing over one question. It seems a little ridiculous to me now, yet I never realised how much pressure I was giving myself at that time.

Sometimes, your idea of perfection could be other’s idea of imperfection. For example, I used to be an unknowingly “enthusiastic” supporter of correction tape. Within three days, I could finish the whole refill! From my point of view, the correction tape was used to ensure that my work was neat and tidy. Contrastingly, my friend viewed it as a waste of correction tape and money. I was finally convinced that using too much correction tape was not necessary good during one of the examinations, which correction tape was prohibited. This may be a specific and minor example, but I came to realise that having everyone unanimous in agreeing something is perfect is quite impossible.

Although it can be unpleasant dealing with faults and flaws at times, I think that it is a process of life. If everyone was born perfect, there would be no challenge in resolving conflicts between people with different personalities. If everything was perfect, one might take the situation for granted. The satisfaction of changing someone, or even yourself, for the better, would also be non-existent. It is true that if everything was perfect, people might be happy all the time. However, if things started off imperfectly, but gradually improved after hard work and determination, won’t one be even happier?

As time passed, I eventually came to terms with imperfection. Coming to the conclusion that sustaining my idea of perfection was wasting my time and energy, I started spending more time doing activities I enjoyed instead. I also stopped worrying unnecessarily about less significant things.

Imperfection makes life more interesting. It displays one’s character. When you have accepted imperfection, a happier life awaits you. On the contrary, perfection adds to your burden. If you are perfect, in what area will you improve? You can only worry about sliding back down.